UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

Editors

John Haynes Holmes Francis Neilson

Lloyd-George

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

The Mission of Beauty

By GEORGE WILLIS COOKE

The Kellogg Bill (S. 1943)

By BASIL M. MANLY

VOLUME XC NUMBER 7

Chicago, November 2, 1922

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

UNITY

(Established 1878)

Subscription, $3.00 per Annum

A Journal of the Religion of Democracy

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES : *Editors* : FRANCIS NEILSON

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Vol. 1 March 1, 1878 No. 1

THE

Pamphlet Mission

FOR

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP & CHARACTER

IN

RELIGION.

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PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY AT 65 WASHINGTON ST., CHICAGO.
Per Year, $1.50. Single Number, 10 Cents.

FRANCIS L. ROBERTS, 65 Washington St., Chicago, • Business Agent.
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UNITY PUBLISHING CO., Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879"

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. XC THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1922 Number 7

THE PRAYER OF JESUS.

(Slightly Revised for Use To-day)

Our Father, who art over all, and yet ever near, hallowed be thy name. May thy kingdom of truth and love come, and thy holy will be done, on earth as in heaven. Each day give us our daily bread, for body, mind and spirit. Forgive us our wrongs against thee as we forgive the wrongs of others against us. Give us strength to overcome temptation, and deliver us from evil. And to thee shall be our gratitude, our homage and our love, forever.

J. T. Sunderland.

We have received from a correspondent in Moscow an important message from V. Cherkoff, Tolstoy's secretary and literary executor, and leader of the Russian philosophical anarchists. Cherkoff asked our correspondent that this message might be published in the United States, and the latter has selected Unity as the medium of publication because, as he puts it, "This message is the thing Unity is interested in more than any other journal." The message follows:

> **Members of the Moscow Vegetarian Society of the Moscow Society of True Freedom Founded in Memory of Leo Tolstoy, and other citizens, assembled at a meeting in a hall of the Moscow Vegetarian Society on July 13th of this year, on the eighth anniversary of the World War, send their fraternal greetings to the citizens all over the world who are on this day protesting against all war. The meeting expresses its solidarity with all brothers and comrades who are fighting against any kind of war whatever—not by means of violence but by means of Love, manifested in the refusal either to kill one's brothers or to support any forms of violence of man over man.**

Election day is just ahead. On the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November, millions of citizens, men and women both, will march to the polls and cast their ballots. We expect to be elated by the results—to chortle with glee as we see the cohorts of Harding smitten hip and thigh. But how long will this delight endure? Why should we feel satisfaction over the defeat of men whom we were glad to see victorious two years ago, by men whom we shall be glad to see defeated in their turn two years hence? Of what use to turn the rascals out only to let other rascals in? Some leaders of pre-eminent distinction and public usefulness will of course be elected—La Follette, of Wisconsin, is the supreme example. But apart from a few figures of this type, what difference does it make who is chosen in this election, whether it be Democrats or Republicans. They are all men of the same breed—dedicated to the same selfish interests, thinking the same ignoble thoughts, controlled by the same dangerous forces of darkness and dishonor. It seems inconceivable to us that the American people should much longer be willing to participate in the idle farce of politics as represented by the two old parties. For years now these organizations have played a Punch and Judy game—the Republican Punch as the right hand, and the Democratic Judy as the left hand, of the one financial power which lurks behind the curtain of conventions, primaries, elections and what not, and wags the puppets. Yesterday the Republicans were elected, and the people betrayed and plundered in handsome style. To-day the Democrats are chosen, in resentment against Republican ineptitude and treason, with the certain result that the same piracy, under the different name, will still go on. In outrage against this fresh disaster, the public will tomorrow elect Republicans. And so the merry-go-round goes on—big business always winning and the people always losing. Is democracy truly a failure? Has our system of representative government really broken down? We cannot believe so! We still have faith that all the people will not and cannot be fooled all of the time; and that therefore a triumphant third-party, nowhere clearly visible to-day, is one of the certainties of the near future.

"We must either improve our marine and naval service," says Admiral Sims, "or scrap the whole outfit." For the first time, if we remember rightly, we find ourselves in agreement with an admiral. Our navy must of course be improved—by which, of course, is meant, *enlarged!*—or else scrapped altogether. There are dangers in half-preparedness which have been admirably stated by Norman Angell in his book of that title. The possibility of improving the navy, however, as Admiral Sims would have it done, is so scant that the conclusion of his dilemma is obviously that we should "scrap the whole outfit" and thus get rid of it for good and all. What happier outcome could be desired? Why should not America take upon herself the proud distinction of being the first nation to strip herself of armies and navies and thus stand defenceless

before the world? Defenceless, that is, in ordinary parlance; for it is our humble conviction that a country which should deliberately abandon physical force in favor of moral force as its weapon of defence, would find that it had solved at last triumphantly the problem of security. Armies and navies do not defend! When idle, in days of peace, they stand as threats against the safety and happiness of men, they breed suspicion, fear and hate, they prompt the building of rival armaments in other nations and thus turn the world into a giant powder-keg which it needs only a spark to explode. When active, in days of war, these armies and navies spread abroad mutual destruction, and pitch whole continents into the pit of common ruin. Armaments were never so much "improved" as in Europe in 1914, and the result was death to all concerned. Let one nation, however, make up its mind to have done with these things forever! Let it disband every regiment, dismantle every fort, sink every ship! Instantly, all other nations the world around would lose their fear of this one land. They would for the first time have confidence in her word and respect for her will. They would in time come to love her as one worthy to be loved; and in this love would the nation find such a bulwark of defense as mankind has never known before. Why should we act only upon fear, and never upon faith? Why should we expect always the worst of men, and never the best? Why, if we believe in God, should we "look not unto" him, instead of trusting in "chariots because they are many and in horsemen because they are very strong." If we had our way, America would be made "defenceless" on land and sea tomorrow; and we guarantee that in the resulting confidence of peoples everywhere, she would straightway find her sure defense. Is it not a gamble worth taking? What is life for, if not for adventures of the spirit?

We ask the careful attention of our subscribers and friends to the appeal of the "American Medical Aid for Russia," printed this week in The Field, page 110. When we were in Moscow in August last, we visited this Old Catherine Hospital which has now been taken over by this American committee, and made a personal inspection of the buildings and grounds. The institution, originally a most elaborate affair, had fallen into a sad state of decay, for war, revolution and famine had wrought their inevitable consequences. We saw buildings so dilapidated that it was unsafe to enter them, lawns and groves so unkempt that they looked like a wilderness. Even those structures which were still in use—the administration, surgical, obstetrical buildings, etc.—were dark, dingy and disrepaired. Equipment also was woefully lacking. In the obstetrical wards, for example, we saw mothers lying on rusted iron beds, without sheets or pillow-cases, covered with a miscellaneous assortment of shawls, portieres, and what not. Now it is this institution, with enormous potential capacities, which is to be put in first-class condition by the Moscow health authorities, and then equipped and run for a year by the American Medical Aid. The whole plan represents a unique opportunity to do a piece of constructive relief work of the highest type, and give an example of model hospital administration which will be of incalculable benefit to the people of Russia for years to come. Money is needed in large amount and at once, if the undertaking is to go forward without delay. Two hundred thousand (200,000) dollars is the sum for which appeal is now being made. We hope that our readers may contribute their mites to this worthy and urgent cause. Send contributions to Miss Frances Witherspoon, 103 Park Avenue, New York City.

We believe that Lyman Abbott was a sincere man in his public work, as in his private life he was a singularly gentle and kindly man. Furthermore, he was occasionally courageous at moments when courage counted. Thus he preached the doctrine of evolution when the mere mention of the word in orthodox circles was regarded as an extra-hazardous occupation. He took up the cudgels for the laboring man when religion and industry were utterly alien, and is justly to be described as one of the pioneers in the church of our present-day movement for industrial democracy. But on the whole we believe Dr. Abbott to have been an unfortunate influence upon the life of our time, especially upon the youth in our colleges whom he reached so readily through his rare gifts as a preacher. We know of no Christian leader who did so much to lower Christian ideals and compromise Christian principles as Lyman Abbott. There was never anything downright, upright and forthright about him. He was always bending here, and adjusting there, and explaining somewhere else, till one wondered if there was anything really definite in anything that Jesus said. Dr. Abbott was essentially an apologist, for the benefit of all who wanted to believe that they were Christians and still keep on living in conformity with the accepted standards of the world. Trust him to find a text, or twist a text, to justify any practice in dire need of justification! His masterpiece in this direction was his interpretation of Matthew 6:19, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust do corrupt and thieves break through and steal," which he said meant that we should invest our money in profitable enterprises, and not hide it away. But even this was excelled by his triumphant justification of war as a Christian action, especially his demonstration that Pilate and not Jesus was the true pacifist. Not since the days of the Schoolmen have we had such pious

pettifogging for unrighteous causes. Dr. Abbott had scholarly tastes, wrote and spoke an English style of amazing clarity, was a trusted friend of many of the great men of his day, had a liberal mind and a pure heart. But just because of these admirable qualities, was his failure in Christian leadership the more regrettable. One has only to compare Lyman Abbott and his *Outlook* with William Austin Smith and his *Churchman,* to understand at once all that we are here trying to convey.

It is evident that the so-called "Fundamentalist" movement is still with us, in spite of the check which it received at the Baptist convention last June. In a private letter just received from a district superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League, appears the following immensely significant passage:

> Something must be done, and done quickly, to save religion from slipping back into superstition and ignorance. For three years and more now, as a district superintendent of the A. S. L., I have noted church after church, especially Baptist, succumb to "Fundamentalism," so-called, with all its dangerous pre-millennarianism. What will happen to the sheep with such shepherds as many of them have?

Another illustration of the vigor and determination of these reactionaries is seen in the vicious attack on Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, by the Presbytery of Philadelphia. This attack, based on the scandalous charge that Dr. Fosdick had actually spoken in a disparaging manner of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, takes the form of a protest against the toleration of such preaching in the pulpit of the First Presbyterian Church of New York. This action, of course, will do no injury to Dr. Fosdick, and from this standpoint is a matter of no importance. But there is genuine significance in the fact that the "Fundamentalists" in a great city like Philadelphia feel strong enough to assail publicly one of the leading pulpit figures in America, and *are* strong enough to force their will upon their associates. What we are faced with is a genuine revival in American Protestantism of ignorance, superstition and bigotry. "Hasn't the time come," says the district superintendent quoted above, himself an orthodox clergyman, "hasn't the time come for all liberals to unite in organized fashion for the effective promotion of true religion?"

Church statistics are endlessly diverting. *Punch* is less amusing, and "Baron Munchausen's Narrative" less extravagant. An alert reader brings to our attention the latest instance of miracle-figuring, as set forth in the recent year-book of the churches published by the Federal Council. It seems that the statisticians have arrived at a new basis of computation—that of "constituency" as contrasted with "membership." This is fair enough, for every church has a following somewhat larger than that represented on the membership role. But this "constituency," we are told, is 2.8 times as large as the official membership of the churches, so that if you want to know the exact number of church people in the country, what you have to do is to multiply the registered membership by this index number. Which fact is important, if true! But is it true? How do the statisticians get that magical figure, 2.8—especially the .8 which is as fascinatingly accurate as the 4 in Bishop Usher's famous estimate that the world was created in the year 4004 B. C.? The only church which we know anything about in detail, has a constituency of 1863 as compared with a membership of 1539, which is not 2.8 but 1.21 times as large. The whole idea of a church constituency being more than twice as large as its membership, seems to us preposterous, especially when we learn that on the basis of this estimate there is a Protestant constituency in America of 75,099,499, a Catholic constituency of 17,885,646, and a Jewish constituency of 1,600,000—or 90 per cent of the total population of the country actively connected with church or synagogue!! Will somebody please rise up and tell us where there is a town or city, not organized on a community basis, which has 90 per cent of its people more or less active church-goers? We would like to see such a community, and count the actual church attendance on a fair Sunday morning. For one thing is certain—if church affiliation is anything like what is here suggested, then church attendance is infinitely worse than has yet begun to be realized. For ourselves, we agree with the reader who sends us these figures—"It reminds one of Jerome K. Jerome's rules for telling a fish story."

The failure of the churches is so seldom honestly confessed, that we are eager to make record of every instance of frankness that comes to our attention. Thus, in a recent issue of a great newspaper, in the advertisement of a certain church, appeared the following:

SERVICES AT 10.30 A. M.

Subject:

"THE THREE GREAT FAILURES"

Choir.
Sermon.
Pipe Organ Offertory.
ALL WELCOME.

Here is failure complete—the minister, the choir, and even the organist! And the whole thing advertised to the general public, and "all welcome" to come at the appointed hour and witness the fiasco! If "confession is good for the soul," as we are told, the soul of this church may be regarded as already saved.

At the last University of Chicago Convocation, September 1, the degree of Master of Arts was conferred, by examination in the department of History, upon Simbini M. Nkomo. Mr. Nkomo is a native African from what was formerly Gazaland, now British territory. He is a fullblood member of one of those Bantu tribes which are commonly grouped together under the name Zulu. He came to this country some years ago and has been studying continuously—first at Greenville College, where he received his bachelor degree, and later at the University of Chicago. He has specialized in the two departments of Sociology and History, with the intention of founding an independent school among his people in Gazaland. Three years ago, with the purpose of getting helpful ideas for his school, he visited some of the great Negro schools of the Southern States, among them Tuskegee. He was there invited to join the teaching force for a year and acceptably offered courses in African History and Bible Study. His appointment was continued a second year and he is now to remain for a third year's service. He is anxiously striving to achieve his life ideal, and will probably return to Africa to begin his work there at the end of his present engagement. Mr. Nkomo has been active in the organization and conducting of the *African Student Union,* which aims to unite those native Africans who are studying in this country with the intention of returning to their own lands. He has been the executive secretary of this organization from its beginning and the success of its annual conferences has been largely due to his efforts. Africa, with an area equal to that of Europe, the United States, China and India combined, has many problems. These will be solved aright only through the efforts of her native-born sons. F. S.

Lloyd-George

When we were in England last July, we found not a single person, so far as we can recall, who expressed any confidence in the Prime Minister. Nobody—Conservative, Liberal or Laborite—trusted him. By his circuitous course, from extreme radicalism in the famous budget days to his present close association with such life-long Tories as Balfour and Birkenhead, he had successfully forfeited all the personal support he had ever had.

On the other hand, we met not a few persons, Ethel Snowden among the number, who were earnest in their support of Lloyd-George's policies, particularly in international affairs, and who believed that his continuance in office was essential to the well-being of Europe. The argument of these persons was clear and to the point. Lloyd-George, they agreed, must bear his full share of responsibility for the abominations of the Versailles Treaty. Partly because of his ignorance and superficiality, more because of his desire to satisfy the war-passions so basely stirred to fresh intensity by his disgraceful "Khaki election," the English Premier had allowed himself to be dragged into support of the machinations of Clemenceau, and thus to underwrite a treaty dictated by the French spirit of revenge and fear. Alone among the conferees, however, he came to see and understand the significance of what was being done. He realized before the conference broke up that its agreements involved the wreck of Europe and the ultimate destruction of civilization. In the last hours he tried desperately to bring Woodrow Wilson to see what he was now seeing, and with his help to secure a modification of the agreement. But it was too late! As Keynes has set forth so vividly in his "Economic Consequences of the Peace," the American President had been triumphantly bamboozled by Clemenceau, and, with his inflexible Presbyterian conscience, was not now to be "de-bamboozled" at the last moment. So the outrageous document was signed and sealed—and the wrecking of Europe begun.

But not yet was Lloyd-George through! With renewed energy, he set himself to the task of securing a modification of the Versailles Treaty. Through the Supreme Council, the Reparations Commission, such special conferences as those at Genoa and the Hague, even the League of Nations, he tried to achieve his purpose—but all in vain! France blocked him at every turn. More and more, as time went on, the two nations drew apart. They debated, they quarreled, they reached agreements only promptly to break them. At last there came talk of an open rupture, and the immanence of a break between the allies which had fought so steadfastly side by side in the dreadful days of the Great War. It was a sad spectacle. But Lloyd-George was right, said these defenders of his policies. He was trying to save Europe and ultimately all of Christendom from the ravages of madness, and he deserved the support of all right-minded people.

How much truth there was in this plea, we did not know last summer, and we do not know to-day. It seems to us to present a not impossible case. We can even believe the statement made to us in August by one of the best informed Labor leaders in England, that Lloyd-George had but one remaining ambition in his life—to stay long enough in public office to undo what he had so ignorantly and blindly done at the Conference of Versailles. But if this be true, how can we explain the furious opposition of those who would naturally support such a policy as this ascribed to Lloyd-George, and who now join hard and fast with the most unconscionable Tories in rejoicing at his fall?

Never in English history was there such unanimity of applause as that which greeted the resignation of the Prime Minister. That the "die-hard" reactionaries and even the coalition conservatives should lift up their jubilations is not to be wondered at, for these groups have no desire to ease the rigors of the peace agreements, have been wholly opposed to the cabinet's opposition to French policy, and constitute probably the chief reason why Lloyd-George has been able to accomplish so little since 1919. The necessity of holding together the coalition, and thus of placating his Tory confreres, has fatally handicapped him in his endeavors to defeat Poincaré and his madmen. But why should the Liberals and the Labor forces be equally jubilant? Why should they welcome the passing of perhaps the one man in western Europe who might be able to save the present indescribable situation? They may dislike Lloyd-George, and distrust his domestic policies, and hate his association with the reactionaries; but surely the fate of a whole continent outweighs in serious importance all merely personal or party considerations. For the sake of what he still might do, of what he alone might be able to do, should not the Premier have been sustained by every progressive influence in the Empire?

The obvious and in a way all-sufficient answer to this question is to be found in the Graeco-Turkish imbroglio. Had Lloyd-George suddenly gone mad, he could not have acted more desperately than he did in supporting the Greeks in their brigand-invasion of Turkish territory, rushing headlong to their relief when they were soundly beaten, entrenching his troops at Chanak, and then bombarding the victorious Kemal with volleys of challenges, ultimatums and defiances. One trembles to think what would have happened had Kemal been less sober and restrained, General Harington less patient and tactful, and the English public less averse to new sacrifices "in defense of civilization." What Lloyd-George did was to bring not merely England but all of Europe to the brink of another Great War. One must search long and far to find in history another instance to compare with this for sheer irresponsibility. After such an exhibition, it was impossible that the English people should tolerate this man a single hour. Tory joined with Socialist, Lord Curzon with "Bob" Smilie, the *Morning Post* with the *Daily Herald,* in demanding his instant retirement from public life. Hounds of every breed sank their fangs into the wily fox, at last brought to ground, and bayed in lusty chorus the call of relief and triumph.

But the Turkish episode was only an occasion or excuse for action. It was only a surface symptom of deep internal disease. What was at bottom involved in the fall of Lloyd-George is failure in character. Everybody joined gladly in his overthrow, regardless of parties and policies, because, as we said at the beginning of this article, nobody trusted him any more. Lloyd-George had lost that one asset, without which all other assets in the work of public leadership are only as so much dross—namely, the moral respect of men. What a few discerning critics noted at the outset of his career—a lack of that basic spiritual integrity which reveals itself in sincerity, loyalty, ideality—became evident in the end to all. The disclosure was slow in coming; brilliant speech, surpassing personal magnetism, able service of great causes which for the moment caught his imagination or served for advancement in popular favor and influence, combined to obscure the facts. But the reality could not forever be hidden; the false coin must sooner or later ring untrue. A succession of events—the passionate support of the war by one who had an unsurpassed record as a pacifist; the betrayal of his friend and unfaltering comrade, Mr. Asquith; the khaki election, with its gutter appeal for the hanging of the Kaiser, and its mad promise to make Germany pay the whole cost of the war; the treason at Versailles, and the too-late recantation; the wretched fiasco at Genoa, and later at the Hague; finally, the monstrous clashing of the sabre in the face of the victorious Turk—such events, in their accumulation at least, proved too strong even for the stoutest political stomach. It became crystal clear that Lloyd-George had no convictions, no principles, no sense of honor and the right, *no character* such as had become a high tradition in English public life. With this made manifest, all that is best in England's soul rose up against him, and he fell as "fell the angels." Not since the days of Wolsey have the English people seen a tragedy so great, or a fate so well-deserved.

What history will have to say of this discarded leader, is doubtful. That he will occupy large space is made certain by the momentous character of the period through which he moved as a dominating figure. Questions of motive will probably not be allowed to dim the lustre of his valorous opposition to the Boer War. His writing of the famous Budget of 1909, as well as the People's Insurance Acts, will be remembered as statesmanship of a high order. From the practical standpoint, his fighting of the Great War to a triumphant end and his settlement of the Irish question are achievements of dazzling brilliancy. His feat of maintaining power for four years following the Armistice, is a wellnigh unparalleled instance of political opportunism. As an orator, he is unrivalled in his time, and must be ranked among the few supreme popular tribunes in modern history. His gifts are matchless, and his career a tale of stupendous dramatic splendor. But how tragically it drops away in the end to dust and ashes! His greatest successes mean less in terms of the things that count than even the most ignominious failures of such characters as Gladstone and Salisbury. Such "characters"!—how naturally we fall into that word! After all, it is *character* that alone endures.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Across the Pacific*

Editorial Correspondence

I am leaving Melbourne, and when these lines are read I hope to be in London—October 14—by the S. S. "Hobsons Bay," via Colombo and Suez. I mention the steamer, because she is one of a fleet of ships owned and managed by the Commonwealth of Australia. There are five steamers of the fleet, like the "Hobsons Bay," which keep up a monthly trip each way from Australia to London. They are "one-class" steamers; for with the exception of a half dozen first class cabins, the remaining cabins for 350 people are all third class. But it is "third class" in price only, for the third class passengers have the run of the whole boat, have big dining-room, smoke-room, library, shower baths, etc.

These steamers are an experiment in democracy. I understand that they have obstacles to financial success because of the shipping interests that throw their freight to privately owned boats. But they are a boon to the people who wish to get to London for 45 pounds, instead of 110 pounds. The passage for me will be a little experience in democracy—for you know clergymen are tenderly reared and, as a friend of mine says, are generally to be found in the Pullman—but all is clean, plain, comfortable and the boat as big and fast as any making London.

I am missing an opportunity to pose as having crossed the equator from Melbourne to London, as "third-class" or "steerage." I might even break into the illustrated magazines, as a three-score-year old clergyman of a fashionable church going steerage—to see how the other half travels. The mischief is that I am going this way to save money; and then what is good enough for these hearty Australians is good enough for me. There is with us, as freight, 100 tons of flour bound for the Near-East famine sufferers. It was formally blessed—by public ceremony at the Melbourne dock—by Anglican Archbishop Lee and my friend Loyal L. Wirt. I am hoping to share in a little of that blessing.

"Pussyfoot" Johnson has recently been in Melbourne. He is quite "pussyfoot" (tactful) in his approach to the public mind. He told the folks that he was bound for New Zealand and simply had to go through Australia to get there. It's a kind of an eclipse whose path is fixed. He also says that he is not in Australia to tell Australians what to do; but only what Americans have done. I really think he has a sneaking idea that is related to the hope that Australians will do what he tells them to do. But seriously, he is drawing big crowds and many of them. The newspapers are fair to him, but lean hard against prohibition. Australia is in for years of debate, with some bitter controversy. The saloons ("hotels") here are not as bad as the old American saloon—not near. In the first place they are closed at 6 p. m. o'clock and cannot open until 8 a. m. They are closed Sundays. I suspect, too, that Australians are not as extravagant drinkers as Americans. However, I am inclined to think that prohibition will arrive in Australia within ten years. America, meanwhile, will be advertised to the ends of the earth.

I tell the Australians that the way to get even with America is to send deputations over to America to campaign 50 large cities to tell the story of Australia's Industrial Conditions. The story they would tell would be quite as startling to Americans as the story of prohibition to Australians—and I think it is quite as much needed. I should like to see men like Dr. Charles Strong, Hon. Samuel Mauger (Executive Secretary of the Anti-Sweating League which did, from 1895 to 1915, for industrial conditions in Australia what the Anti-Saloon League did for prohibition in America), E. J. Holloway (Sec'y, Trades Hall) and Frank Austey, M. P. (a Labor member) "stump" the United States with the gospel of How Australia Won Her Industrial Customs,—namely, 8-hour day, Saturday half-holiday, Sunday holiday, 6 o'clock closing of all shops, factory regulations, baby bonuses, old age pensions, etc. If any good American would like to finance such a trip—it should not cost more than $2,000 or $3,000,—let him tell Dr. Holmes who will tell me. It would be a great piece of educational enlightenment!

In my last address in Melbourne I took the liberty of stating Why I love Australia. You may be willing to let me pass on a few of my points. I love Australia because her people are an *open-air people*. Outdoor life is having a profound influence on the people. In the first place, by legislation they have given themselves opportunity by their holidays. On Saturday afternoons, all Australia is at play—and this the year round. This is one of the reasons why Australians give such good account of themselves in international athletics. In the second place, they have a grand outdoors to go to. There are less than six million people with a continent larger than the United States. The "Bush"—as our "Plains," or "Desert," is called—penetrates their poetry, painting, thinking. The "Bush" is the Nature—Over-Lord of Australia. All this helps to make Australians sane and their lfe wholesome.

I love Australia for her *industrial conditions*. I have already referred to this. I do not pretend to say that this is a paradise for workers. I do say, however, that the people have shown great sense and sanity in agreeing on certain very important industrial customs that make for a good life. I know of no country where living conditions, all round, are better.

I love Australia because I discern the *Spirit of the West* manifesting itself with considerable power. The people of our Pacific Coast know what I mean—and Australians are much like Californians and Washingtonians—tall, independent with individuality. Dr. Frank Gunsaulus once said, "Abraham is the first American. He left his relatives, thank God, and went west." He would say the same of Australians. The cities of Sydney (1,000,000) and Melbourne (800,000) suggest life, more life, while Cairo and Constantinople display graveyards, monuments and mosques. Australians are something more than British (they are more like Americans) and something less: they are forming a new people. Australia is, as one of her best poets, Bernard O'Dowd, says, "a prophecy to be fulfilled." The trappings of the East—monuments, titles,

*This letter should have appeared in last week's issue, to precede the one written by Dr. Strong while crossing the Indian Ocean.

dogmas and monasteries—do not fit the landscape of Australia. There are indeed some super-patriots who speak of Australia as a "devoted appendage to the Empire," but that does not represent the Australian spirit. I think of Australia as one of the Spring-Nations—whose summer, autumn and winter lie beyond.

May I add that in the making of the true Australia, the Australian Church, Melbourne, has played an important and honorable part. SYDNEY STRONG.

The Joy of Life

XII.

Let me receive communion with all men,
Acknowledging our one and only soul!
For not till then
Can God be God, till we ourselves are whole.

"Well, if Mr. —— doesn't know enough to use his brains he deserves to suffer. I have no patience with such conduct."

"Yes, he certainly does. There is no excuse for one who deliberately refuses to do the right."

Thus ran the scrap of conversation which I overheard the other day while walking down Michigan Boulevard. At first I smiled, but as I reflected upon the injustice which is being heaped upon thousands of my fellow citizens by intelligent folk, purely because these have been educated to believe in the doctrine of will-power, my smile faded. It was lines from a tragedy that I had heard.

Society, in the interest of its own safety, has learned to put in confinement those of its members whose conduct is such as to jeopardize that safety. Speaking in general terms, these are placed either in institutions where they are not held responsible for their acts, or in institutions which do hold them responsible, and attempt to impose suffering in order that they may be impressed with the gravity of their crimes. This later discipline is based upon the doctrine of will-power. Society maintains that outside of those who are insane all members of the human family are capable of knowing their social obligations and of performing them. Those who fall short in meeting these obligations, unless the extent of their failure is sufficient to place them among those classified as mentally defective, are punished for intentional disobedience. In other words man is conceived to be of a dual nature—a physical organism plus a little ego which sits as engineer in the cab of that organism. If this engineer loses complete control of his engine, then he with his engine are taken to a repair shop or junk heap—the hospital or insane asylum—there to be received with sympathy and tolerance; if, on the other hand, this engineer only loses temporary and partial control of his engine, then he and his engine are subjected to public condemnation and punishment. What kind of philosophy is this which divides the human mechanism into two parts—will-power and physical matter, and places the former in control of the latter? Is it not possible that we have in the human organism not an engineer plus his engine, but only the engine—a delicate, complex, automatic mechanism which runs, according to its condition—efficiently, poorly, or not at all?

Whatever may be said in disparagement about the concept of society maintaining law and order while functioning on the theory that mankind lacks will-power, I am convinced that such a theory has pragmatic value. Man will not feign the fool just because by so doing he will be treated as a broken engine rather than a condemned violator of laws which he is able to keep. And if, as careful study into the psycho-physical organism seems to indicate, the animal man is not responsible for any of his acts, in the sense of being able through power of will to control those acts, the practice of such a theory would prevent the tragic injustice of discipline on the principle of the existence of will-power. Instead of the harsh criticism of the conversationalists to whom we have referred, one would hear expressions of heartfelt sympathy for all who vary from the established standard of conduct. The brain and body would be considered as a single unit, and the failure of that organism to function normally in any capacity would be treated on the basis of a defective machine.

EDWARD ARTHUR ROCKWOOD.

SHELLEY CENTENARY.
(Died 8th July, 1822)

No change, no pause, no hope! Yet I endure.
I ask the Earth, have not the mountains felt?
I ask yon Heaven, the all-beholding Sun,
Has it not seen? The Sea, in storm or calm,
Heaven's ever-changing Shadow, spread below,
Have its deaf waves not heard my agony?
Ah me! alas, pain, pain ever, for ever!

. . . .

This is the day, which down the void abysm,
At the Earth-born's spell yawns for Heaven's despotism,
And Conquest is dragged captive through the deep:
Love, from its awful throne of patient power
In the wise heart, from the last giddy hour
Of dread endurance, from the slippery, steep
And narrow verge of crag-like agony, springs
And folds over the world its healing wings.

Gentleness, Virtue, Wisdom, and Endurance,
These are the seals of that most firm assurance
Which bars the pit over Destruction's strength;
And if, with infirm hand, Eternity,
Mother of many acts and hours, should free
The serpent that would clasp her with his length;
These are the spells by which to reassume
An empire o'er the disentangled doom.

To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite;
To forgive wrongs darker than death or night;
To defy Power, which seems omnipotent;
To love, and bear; to hope till Hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates;
Neither to change, nor falter, nor repent;
This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be
Good, great and joyous, beautiful and free;
This is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory.

Prometheus Unbound.

The Mission of Beauty

Beauty is that which is natural, orderly, symmetrical, which pleases the senses, and which satisfies us as being attractive. We see in beauty that which is pleasing, whether to the eye or the ear, and whether it be of form, color or sound. We are repelled by the ugly, that which is unnatural, discordant, out of proportion, and which the senses do not accept as appealing to them. "Dirt" is nothing more than earth or dust out of place, therefore repellant; and because it serves no good purpose where it is. It suggests disease, something that is to be shunned as dangerous. Beauty, on the contrary,—whether of flower, bird, song, mountain or landscape—suggests what is healthy, life-giving, winsome, that to which we are drawn as in itself alluring, compelling us to give heed to it.

The old philosophers and moralists told us of the true, the good, and the beautiful as fundamental to the sound and normal life of man. These qualities are all equally desirable, blending into each other, so that it is not easy to distinguish them as of a different nature. The normal man finds the one as desirable as the other. The man who knows what is true in the fulness of its meaning is likely to love what is good as well, and his character is beautiful in its fidelity and its fitness, since it is just, wise, and true. In so far as the moral life is concerned there can be no separation of the true, the good, and the beautiful. They are one in essence, each essential to the other.

Beauty is everywhere, in the great and in the little, in the heavens above and in the earth beneath. When we look out at night upon the starry heavens we are impressed by their beauty, if their grandeur and their majesty do not overawe us. When we study the solar system, the sun's control over the planets, the manner in which the planets are held in leash by the sun through the power of the attraction of gravitation, how the planets go circling on their way, ever threatening to fly out into space, and yet keeping their course in faithful loyalty to the power which holds them, how they attract and yet repel each other, how the whole system is bound together by inexorable laws,—we are impressed by the idea that here is something grandly beautiful. If we gain some conception of the immensity of the universe, that there are in it solar systems dying and solar systems coming into being at this moment, that the suns which we call stars are at immense distances from us and from each other, that there are other universes beyond our universe, that space and time are infinite as regards what we call "creation," we may be again overwhelmed by the beauty and majesty of that power which has caused all these to come into existence, and which keeps them on their way under a law that is supreme.

If this "creation" of the infinitely great is too majestic, too awful in its immensity to appeal to our sense of the beautiful, what shall we say of that universe of the infinitely little which the microscope reveals to us! The beauty we find there seems to be of another kind; but, when we understand it, there is no less in it that is impressive, that wins our admiration, and that brings to us the feelings of awe and wonder. And are not these akin to beauty in the emotion they arouse? Prof. J. Arthur Thomson, in "The Outline of Science," treating of the wonders of the microscope, speaks of "the extraordinary beauty of many microscopic objects." He mentions several creatures made known to us by the microscope which may give us endless "beauty feasts." He concludes by saying that "of microscopic beauty there is no end."

But we may turn from the beauty revealed in the great and in the minute, to consider those more commonplace phases we find around us on every side. We have observed that most young creatures are beautiful. The calf and the colt are "handsome" with their sleek coats, their gracefulness of form, the ease of their movements, and the aliveness of their gambolings. Not only the flower, but the shrub and the tree, where they have not been warped out of proportion, appeal to us as beautiful. Something in the tree—in its height, its firm rootage in the earth, enabling it to defy wintry storms and summer tornadoes, its symmetry of proportion, its mass and delicacy of leafage, has led many peoples, especially in the early times of human thought, to look with awe upon it, to see in it the abode of spirits, and perhaps of gods. To these early peoples there has seemed to be in the tree something not only beautiful but marvellous, even to the causing of worship.

Then, again, the beauty of the mountains appeals to us on every side. Such a people as the Hebrews, with mountains all about their land, could not avoid being profoundly impressed by this feature in their landscape. In their writings, and especially in their songs of worship or Psalms, they frequently referred to the hills and mountains, which were constantly in their presence, wherever they might be in their country. It is not surprising, therefore, that they speak of the "hill of God's house," as if Jahweh could not live elsewhere than on or above their glorious mountain peaks. Far back in the past, we see, men not only thought of the mountains as beautiful, but as the abode of the gods. Their inaccessibility, their remoteness, the sublimity of their forms, the play about them of thunder and lightning, their rising above the clouds, which often veiled them from sight, made it seem natural to associate them with godlike powers. The old Greeks saw in the mountains on the northern border of their country, the dwelling-place of Zeus, their supreme God, and the company of gods and goddesses who gathered about him to form his court, and to aid him in ruling the "cosmos," which they thought of as a beautiful order.

We have a right to think, perhaps, that the Hebrews, the Greeks, and the other ancient peoples, did not quite appreciate what we call "landscape." They might see the beauty of flowers, trees, mountains, and the cosmic order of the heavens; but did they appreciate the picture given us when we look out over fields, forests, hills, and behold a glorious view sweeping away to the horizon. Such a landscape view seems to give in one vision all that nature has to tell us of what appeals to the emotions, what opens to us a sight of what the world may be to us, and what is in the nature of a revelation to the soul. Here is poetry, painting, and, shall we not say, music (visible music), in as it were a panorama of what is a revealing of life and of God. This conception of beauty came only, we may think, in what is called the Renaissance, when such poets as Dante and Petrarch, were bringing in the dawn of the modern world—the

broader, the saner, the deeper visions of what the universe may mean for man. Not all men, even now, comprehend the significance of landscape, with its mingling and blending of many forms of beauty. It gives us a glimpse of what we mean when we use the word "nature," that which is primal, stable, comprehensive, inclusive of the whole of material creation. Here we know beauty in its completeness, as something that is alive, organic, vital, eternal, at least in our thought of it. When we have recognized beauty in this manner we have come to know, at least in part, what it means for the soul of man.

Not only does nature give us beauty in flowers, trees, birds, mountains, landscape, and many other objects and creatures; but man has added to the realms of beauty by the means of art, in its several expressions in architecture, sculpture, painting, poetry, drama, and music. The historians of art, however, inform us that the earliest of all the arts to find development was the dance. In our time dancing is largely an exercise, a gymnastic, a means of recreation and social enjoyment; but with primitive man it had distinctly artistic phases, in the fact that it was to a considerable extent of the nature of drama. When the primitive man danced he acted out his experiences as a hunter, imitated the animals he sought, described the actions of his enemies, and how his battle with them went on. As he danced others sang for him or beat a drum, perhaps the earliest of all musical instruments. In this manner the earliest of all the arts found expression.

It is quite probable that early man did not see in nature what we see in it, the beauty we find it manifesting on every hand. Nor is it at all certain that he had any distinct craving for beauty, certainly not for beauty in any philosophical sense, such as we find defined in works on the science of esthetics. What he wanted was an outlet for his emotions, to relieve his feelings, to manifest in a way he could himself control his instincts and his demand for social fellowship. He desired rhythmic motion, motion in time and harmony with that of his fellows; and this first found manifestation in the dance and song, and with the aid of some instrument which could give the time-beat that would regulate the harmonized motion of a group of persons dancing in unison with each other.

Probably the first of all human shelters were caves. Then men learned to erect huts of bark, skins, and other materials; but in time, by long, slow processes of developing skill and invention, they came to erect houses, castles, and temples. The Egyptians developed their architecture largely with the idea of affording homes for their dead. The Greeks, on the other hand, sought to make glad the living, to provide for them the highest human expression of harmony and beauty. What they had in mind in this effort was social and political convenience, and an outlet for their great genius in sculpture and painting. In later ages, under Christianity, other ideas found large expression in architecture. In the Gothic church the supreme ideas were worship of God and spiritual aspiration.

At a very early time man began to paint pictures of what he saw about him in the natural world. In the dark recesses of the caves of northern Spain and southern France have been found most remarkable paintings of animals, such animals as man once hunted, some 40,000 or 50,000 years ago, we are told by those who have investigated these caves. These paintings are astonishingly life-like, natural and realistic. The idea in painting these pictures under the most difficult conditions was that men obtained by means of them control over the animals they hunted. When these primitive men essayed the human face and form, their work was crude in the extreme, and like that of the first attempts of young children.

When we turn to the early Hebrew writings, such as the book of Genesis, or to similar early books from any other part of the world, we find in them songs and ballads. These come from a very remote time, long before writing was invented; and were preserved by tradition, that is, by word of mouth from one generation to another. Perhaps the earliest of all these songs is that in the fourth chapter of Genesis, and is not only crude but savage in its character. Translated into prose, it is in reality a song:

> Adah and Zillah, hear my voice;
> wives of Lamech, listen to my speech:
> I slay a man for wounding me,
> a youth for inflicting a stripe.
> Lo, Cain would be avenged twice-sevenfold,
> But Lamech seventy-sevenfold.

Then, again, in the forty-ninth chapter of Genesis the address of Jacob to his sons, describing the twelve tribes into which the Hebrews were divided in the early time, we have a ballad, as in the case of the song of Deborah, and many another poem of the early Hebrew scriptures. To the same class belong several of the Psalms, their barbarism belonging to a savage age, far back of the time of David. These songs were most primitive in their expression of faith in Jahweh and in his mighty powers. When these early books came to be composed, after the invention of writing, these bits of song, these ballads, and these hymns to be sung, were incorporated in one or another book. Essentially the same process was followed in India, when the collection of more than a thousand hymns called the Rig Veda, which were composed perhaps more than a thousand years before the invention in that peninsula of the art of writing. We may also believe that the great poems of the early Greeks were composed for recitation to groups of eager listeners, and only after many generations were put into writing, and attributed to a blind poet called Homer.

The rhythmic drum-beat and the crude song of early men grew slowly into the most perfect of all the arts, —music. In music we have the highest expression of man's artistic powers, because it gives the amplest, and least material, expression to human emotion. The sculptured stone remains a concrete object, the same for all beholders. The painting is an objective interpretation of a landscape or a human scene, and never changes in its colors or its portraiture, the same in its meaning for all who look upon it. In it the artist aims to make all others see what he has seen and feel what he has felt. Poetry was at first composed to be recited, to be realized through the ears, to be movingly voiced by the poet—perhaps with an accompaniment of a musical instrument. Now that poetry is written to be read, it has lost something of its emotional power and appeal.

Music has this characteristic, that it has no concrete manifestation. What it gives the listener is not in the score, and it is not in the voice or the instrument. He who cannot read the score gets from it no echo of what the music was to him when he heard it; but he who knows nothing of the methods or the art of paint-

ing may enjoy the painting in full measure. The voice and the instrument can again produce music, but in the meantime, while they are silent, the music is as if it had never existed, so far as the listener is concerned. It follows that music is the most deeply emotional of all the arts, and, at the same time, the most spiritual, the best fitted to interpret the soul to itself. Through its aid religion finds its best material, and its most deeply inward and spiritualized form of manifestation. It refines, purifies, moralizes, and lifts the individual above himself to regions where self dies away, and the eternal remains.

Perhaps this interpretation of the nature of music may suggest that religion, in its highest manifestations, does not express itself in beliefs of a purely intellectual nature, in rituals however beautiful, or in any form of stated worship; but in purified emotions, a regulated life, an inward spirit of joy and peace, and in the harmony of the soul with God. Religion for the individual is not to be seen merely in outward acts, but in the whole expression of his life. It beautifies, harmonizes, inspires his every deed because it has become a part of himself, as it were, the tone and rhythm of his being. His life becomes music, a melody of joy and aspiration, a harmony between himself and the world of human beings. His life is in tune with the universe, his soul in concert with all that is godlike and divine. GEORGE WILLIS COOKE.

The Kellogg Bill (S. 1943)

"A Bill Providing for the Better Protection of Aliens and for the Enforcement of Their Treaty Rights."

This bill (S. 1943) is one of the most dangerous measures ever drafted.

It is dangerous not only to the lives and welfare of every American citizen, but it also endangers the very form of our government. It is clearly unconstitutional as regards not only its specific provisions, but also its general purposes.

It discriminates against American citizens in favor of aliens, and establishes for the alien rights and privileges which no legislator would dream of proposing for American citizens.

It attempts to confer upon the President and the Attorney General autocratic and virtually unlimited powers which the Constitution expressly limits.

It destroys the fundamental rights of the States and gives the Federal government power to intervene whenever the rights of an alien may be presumed to be threatened.

Under its terms the Federal government could prevent the enforcement of the Japanese Land Laws of California upon the ground which the Federal government has repeatedly asserted that they violate the treaty rights of the Japanese. Likewise under its terms the Federal government could prevent the enforcement of the election laws of the Southern States upon the ground that they violate the treaty rights of the alien, who is discriminated against by "grandfather clauses" as much as the negro. The Federal troops will be available in case of protest by the states.

Under its provisions Federal troops can, at the will of the President, be sent into every state not only without the application of the state authorities, as expressly provided in the Constitution (Art. IV, sec. 4), but even over the protest of the state authorities.

Under its terms Federal troops and United States marshals may be used in connection with any local industrial dispute anywhere in the United States wherein the rights of any alien are alleged to be violated, thus invading the fundamental rights which the states so zealously attempted to protect when the Constitution was drafted, and also imposing upon American taxpayers an intolerable burden.

This bill, if passed, will further result in endless claims for indemnities by foreign governments for injuries to aliens and will enormously increase international friction.

In order to understand this bill it is necessary first to examine briefly what is meant by the "treaty rights of aliens."

We find upon examining the authorities that the treaty rights of aliens as regards both persons and property are not confined to any limited and specified list, but are in practically every case at least as great and as extensive as those of American citizens.

The treaty of February 26, 1871, between the United States and Italy is typical. It provides that "the citizens of each of the high contracting parties shall receive, in the States and Territories of the other, most constant protection and security for their persons and property, and shall enjoy in this respect the same rights and privileges as are or shall be granted to the natives, on their submitting themselves to the conditions imposed upon the natives." (Moore Int. Law Digest, Vol. VI, p. 846.)

In other words this treaty gives the Italian alien all the rights and privileges that are enjoyed by American citizens as regards both person and property. Anything, therefore, that violates the rights of an American citizen would violate the treaty rights of the alien. If any one assaults the alien, he violates his treaty rights. If anyone steals his coat or his purse, his treaty rights are violated.

It follows, therefore, that any attempt to give the Federal government jurisdiction over matters affecting the treaty rights of aliens involves giving the Federal government complete jurisdiction over every phase of human life and activity so far as aliens are concerned. There is no stopping place.

Before proceeding to examine the detailed provisions of the proposed bill, it is desirable and necessary also to consider briefly how the treaty rights of aliens are now protected and what the traditional American policy has been with reference thereto.

We find that in every case, including even the exceptional cases, upon the basis of which this legislation is alleged to be urged, the alien in the protection of his treaty rights stands upon exactly the same footing as the American citizen in the protection of his constitutional and statutory rights. He can call upon the constituted authorities of the municipality and the state for protection and he can go before the courts and by civil or criminal process seek redress for his injuries or punishment for whoever has wronged him. In certain cases the alien, like the citizen, may prosecute his case in the Federal courts. This is all that the citizen can do and it is all that the alien can do.

But, it may be said, granted that the alien may sue in the state and Federal courts, nevertheless he fre-

quently fails to secure justice. The recent case at Herrin, Illinois, referred to by the President in his address, in which the alleged slayers of two Mexicans have not yet been prosecuted, may be cited.

The answer is clear. If justice is not being done in the case of the two Mexicans at Herrin, it is also not being done in the case of several Americans who are alleged to have been killed at the same time. Furthermore, if justice is not being done at Herrin, it has also not been done at the Ludlow massacre in Colorado, where helpless women and children were murdered in cold blood by the emissaries of the coal companies, or in a hundred other cases where American workers have been killed by armed guards and thugs in the employ of corporations.

The other case to which the President referred in urging legislation to give the Federal government power to act in behalf of aliens was the lynching of eleven Italians in New Orleans. No one was convicted of this crime, but by the same token how many have been convicted and punished for the lynching of the thousands of American citizens who have been executed by mobs within the last twenty years?

If punishment of lynching and mob violence is the object of those who are urging this legislation, why do they not strike directly at this evil and demand legislation that will protect and avenge Americans as well as aliens who are lynched?

It is evident from what has been said and from the text of the bill itself that its real purpose is not the protection of the alien, who already has all the protection and powers of redress that the American citizen possesses.

On the contrary, the circumstances under which it is being urged show clearly that its real object is to put the Federal government into the business of strike-breaking on a national scale on the specious pretext that the rights of an alien somewhere may be injured or threatened.

This becomes clearer when we examine the detailed provisions of the present bill, which has been permitted to lie dormant for more than a year without hearings and without any apparent concern on the part of the Senator who introduced it.

Section 1 of the bill provides that the Attorney General may, upon direction of the President, file a bill in equity, which in ordinary language means "seek an injunction," in the proper district court against any person or persons "threatening to violate" the treaty rights of any alien.

Under this provision the executive branch of the government upon its own volition and upon the mere showing that some persons were threatening or were about to threaten the treaty rights of some alien, which as we have shown means any personal or property right, could proceed to secure the issuance of wholesale injunctions. It would not be necessary to show that any damage had been done or that there was anything more than a threat or possibility, however indirect and remote.

This would virtually annul the most important sections of the Clayton Act, which prohibit the issuance of injunctions under such circumstances.

The last clause of this section invades and destroys the constitutional rights of the states more drastically than any legislation ever proposed. Under it the states on the Pacific Coast could be enjoined from the enforcement of legislation enacted with reference to the Japanese and Chinese.

So likewise could the states be enjoined from enforcing their election laws if the President and Attorney General should hold that they violated the treaty rights of aliens.

Section 2 provides for the removal to the Federal courts of any state action which is deemed by the President to violate the treaty rights of any alien. This gives the President an arbitrary power over the state courts which is not only destructive of the fundamental distinctions between the state and Federal courts as established by the Constitution, but also exalts the executive over the judiciary to an extent which is violative of every principle upon which the American government was established.

Section 3 provides substantially for the incorporation into the Federal statutes of the whole body of criminal statutes of the forty-eight states, and makes the Federal government at will the administrative body for their enforcement. It is true that this is limited to acts which constitute crimes violative of the treaty rights of aliens. But, as has been shown above, the treaty rights of aliens extend to all acts against their person or property and thus cover the whole range of criminal statutes. Furthermore, inasmuch as there is hardly a case of any magnitude in which an alien is not involved either as worker, proprietor or stockholder, virtually any case can, with little ingenuity, be brought under the blanket provisions of this section. Assaults, robberies and other crimes against an alien or the property of an alien of however insignificant character all can be brought into the Federal courts.

The most vicious section of the bill, however, is the last, which attempts to give the President blanket powers to use the United States marshals and Federal troops in connection with any of the unlimited range of cases referred to above. Under this section the United States Army will become the President's Prætorian Guard to be used anywhere in the United States upon his mere volition and upon the pretext that the peace is disturbed by some crime against an alien.

BASIL M. MANLY, *Director,*
People's Legislative Service, Washington, D. C.

THY WILL.

Though it may bruise my soul beyond repair
Though it may lead me into black despair
Thy will be done.

For you have placed upon my soul
The task to reach an endless goal,
The love of truth and human right,
The strength to conquer tyrannous might,
Thy will be done.

This is the law and this is life
To follow thy commands throughout the strife.

SELMA MAXIMON.

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

FIRST AMERICAN HOSPITAL IN RUSSIA.

An Historic Center.

A devastating epidemic in the city of Moscow in the reign of Catherine II, saw the beginnings of the historic institution known today as the "Old Catherine Hospital." It was to have a most interesting history. Built on the Russian plan, this hospital is the antithesis of an American place of healing. In Russia, the barracks system prevails, so that a large number of buildings running from medium-sized edifices of stone and brick to mere wooden shacks, provide for the isolation of disease, in place of the large-scale buildings with a number of wings housing the various wards, to which we in America are accustomed. In Russia even the linen has a building to itself!

The Old Catherine Hospital, dating back to 1771, came into being bit by bit. Now a building for surgical patients; now another for maternity cases. A special building for the cure of diphtheria is built during a period of peculiar need. There is even a church to minister to the religious needs of the patients—a gift in earlier days of the rich manufacturer and social worker, Keverin. The Administration Building, containing the ambulatory, faces Samarsky Pereulok, and with the various buildings—19 in number—outline a triangular plot of ground, 18 acres in area. In happier pre-war days, when the hospital was at the height of its activities, it was a little town in itself, with population—patients, doctors, nurses, orderlies, servants—of 2,000 persons. The grounds were a beautiful ordered park with flowers, grass, even open pastures!

Here was a distinguished scientific centre. Russia's ablest physicians and surgeons came eagerly from all parts to give their services to the Catherine Hospital, drawing from it in turn, scientific inspiration. Here was the home of important scientific conferences, and a wonderful medical library. Specialists of the first rank filled the various hospital posts. Physicians of the Catherine Hospital issued the first Russian Medical Journal, known as "Physicians' Notes," and here was organized the first graduate nurses' training school, and the first post-graduate medical college.

War, revolution, and famine have wrought their inevitable havoc. Once beautiful grounds are rough and unkempt. All but a half dozen of the 19 buildings are either mere ruins or in woeful disrepair. The organization of the hospital is completely broken down. In many cases equipment is totally lacking and the building deserted. In others it is old and broken. In the obstetrical wards, recent visitors report that mothers are lying on bent and rusted iron beds, without sheets or pillow-cases, covered with a miscellany of old shawls, strips of burlap, portieres and what not!

To serve Russia's sick and starving men and women and her famished babies, has been the aim of the American group who call themselves the American Medical Aid for Russia. This group thought it saw a chance of concrete and constructive service to Russia in the rehabilitation of one of the institutions of her capital city. What more attractive field than this splendid old centre of medical knowledge and healing—the Old Catherine Hospital?

To this end, the Committee successfully enlisted the support of a group of the nation's most distinguished medical men and surgeons who constitute its National Committee. What more fitting than that America's men of science, themselves surrounded with every facility for their best labor and rewarded by every honor, should extend the hand of fellowship to their unhappy colleagues, the physicians of Russia, now deprived not only of the tools of their trade, but in many cases, actually lacking the daily bread essential to life?

With such distinguished backing and generous support from a large number of manufacturers of medical, surgical and hospital supplies, who made valuable donations of these goods, the American Medical Aid for Russia has brought to a successful close the first half of its undertaking. It has now purchased a complete equipment for a five-hundred bed hospital! Before navigation closes down this winter, the following (and each the best of its kind), will have been shipped to Russia: Operating room; Laboratory for clinical, pathological, and bacteriological work; X-ray department; Drug store; Disinfecting apparatus; complete equipment for Bakery, Kitchen and Laundry; Ambulance and 500 beds fully equipped.

But buildings and even equipment do not cure the sick; much more is required. Russia is still prostrate in the grip of famine and epidemic, and were the Committee to cease its activities at this point, it would merely have held out a tantalizing hope to suffering people. To send Russia a beautiful hospital equipment and withhold the further gift, i.e., funds to maintain the institution, would be to leave a task splendidly begun, half complete! For Russia herself cannot now maintain the hospital as witness the fact that the Moscow Health Commission have closed down 1,500 city-supported hospital beds during the summer just passed.

Despite the enormous demands made upon them by the famine situation, the Russian health authorities will nevertheless do their part. Under an agreement between them and the American Medical Aid for Russia, they propose to restore to good condition the half dozen or more imposing stone and brick structures built during the last ten or fifteen years. The Committee, on the other hand, having already equipped the hospital as described, now agrees to meet all of the running expenses for the period of *one year*. At the end of this time the hospital will be turned back for Russian support.

In appreciation of what the Americans are doing for Russia's sick, the hospital will from this time forward be known as THE AMERICAN HOSPITAL. Indeed, visitors are reading this inscription on the facade today. The fact, too, that 23 Russian physicians of international reputation have already signified their eagerness to work in the American Hospital, shows the warmth with which Russians welcome this wonderful gift from America!

To provide food sufficient for 500 patients and the requisite staff of physicians, nurses and employees; to continue to send needed medical and other supplies; and to meet the running expenses of a tremendous institution, i.e., light, heat, wages, etc., the sum of $200,000 must be raised as quickly as possible.

This is a piece of constructive relief work. By equipping and maintaining the AMERICAN HOSPITAL for one year we shall be helping Russia in the best possible way to help herself. To thouhands of sufferers we shall give immediate help and healing. But beyond this humane undertaking we shall be building for the future.

We hope to turn back to Russia at the end of one year of our support, a model hospital run upon American lines of efficient hospital administration. We shall thus bestow upon her a truly invaluable gift, for we shall be giving her at the same time a demonstration of international friendliness and be setting loose in Russia an influence in Russian life which will be a blessing for generations to come.

WILL YOU AID US IN HELPING RUSSIA HELP HERSELF?

The following famous American men of science are giving this project their enthusiastic support:

Dr. Charles H. Mayo, Dr. Thomas W. Salmon, Dr. George Blumer, Dr. Phoebus A. Levene, Dr. M. J. Rosenau, Dr. Hideyo Noguchi, Dr. Jay Frank Schamberg, Dr. Lewellys F. Barker, Dr. Howard A. Kelly, Dr. Abraham Zingher, Dr. Jacques Loeb, Dr. Charles E. Humiston, Dr. Adolf Meyer, Dr. Haven Emerson, Dr. Howard A. Kelly, Dr. Harvey Cushing, Dr. Morton Prince, Dr. Michael Michailovsky, Dr. Charles H. Frazier, Dr. William H. Welch, Dr. Nathan E. Brill, Dr. M. W. Ireland, Dr. George Baehr, Dr. Jos. Goldberger, Dr. A. M. Barrett, Dr. S. Solis Cohen, Dr. Walter B. Cannon, Dr. George W. Crile.

MRS. HENRY VILLARD, Chairman,
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Make checks payable to the American Medical Aid for Russia, 103 Park Avenue, N. Y.

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AN ACCOUNT OF THE GROWTH OF THE COMMUNITY CHURCH MOVEMENT.

(*Concluded.*)

But the most hopeful situation of all thus far mentioned is to be found in the Northwest. There we have a number of very strong leaders: Boddy of Hood River, Oregon; McClure of Ridgefield, Washington; Nourse of Portland; Rucker of Malta, Montana; Ineson of Yakima; and others. In January, 1922, the first community church conference of the Northwest met at the Y. M. C. A. building in Portland, Oregon, in a two-days' session. An organization was effected known as the Northwest Com-

munity Church Association, committed to a policy of helping all communities desiring advice or assistance in establishing community churches, and of using its influence to persuade the denominations to adopt more co-operative tactics in their work in the Northwest. This conference received an unusual amount of publicity and many community churches hitherto unheard from as well as many interested individuals asked for a second conference, which was held in June, 1922. Thus fostered, the movement is growing in prestige and in the number of churches. The entire Northwest with the possible exception of the Dakotas is developing rapidly. A number of new churches have recently sprung up in the Dakotas also, and one of the most notable denominational community churches of the Northwest is the American Church of Mayville, North Dakota, where a unique work was developed by Rev. L. A. Lippitt by the simple practice of the spirit of Christian unity and service, and in the face of the most strenuous (and most futile) opposition on the part of denominational officials.

Our list includes 85 churches in the Northwest, and we have information of 18 others whose full names and locations are not yet listed. Of the 85, 31 are independent, 27 federated, 24 denominational, and 3 are unclassified. Thus, in the Northwest, the three types are running a neck-and-neck race for favor.

In the Central States group—in which are included Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, and Wisconsin—are 137 churches. Iowa ranks first among these States with 46 churches listed; and the list is very incomplete. In November, 1921, a State association of community churches was formed in Iowa, whose aims are fellowship and co-operation, and whose chief work thus far has been to assist churches in finding pastors. Perhaps the strongest community church in Iowa is the "Urbandale Federated Church" of Des Moines, which is really an independent church and not a federation, as its name seems to imply. In this church the first community church conference of the Middle West was held May 9-10, 1922, and during the course of the conference a Midwest Association for the Advancement of the Community Church was organized, with Mr. Charles E. Coleman of Chicago, a prominent business man, as President, Newton B. Ashby of Des Moines, vice-president, and P. O. Ortt, of *The Community Churchman,* Excelsior Springs, Mo., as secretary-treasurer.

Illinois ranks second among the States of the Middle West in number of community churches, there being 43 on the list. Many of these are to be found in the suburbs of Chicago and in towns and cities near Chicago, notable among them are, St. Paul's Union Church and Bethany Union Church of Beverly Hills, Chicago—both noted for their missionary zeal; Community Church of Park Ridge; and the Congregational Community Church of Winnetka.

We have classed Michigan, Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and West Virginia together in an East Central group, for statistical purposes. The list locates 103 community churches in this group, 52 of which are independent churches, and 59 of which are in Ohio. The movement is growing rapidly in Michigan under the aggressive influence of men like Livingston of Grant, Cutler of Grass Lake, McCune and Behrens of East Lansing, and Magdanz of Fremont—to name a few. Economic conditions seem to favor the community church especially in the cut-over timber lands of this State.

Although the movement appears to be comparatively weak in Pennsylvania, yet one of the few nationally known community churches is to be found in Philadelphia—a church whose magnificent record of service and whose tireless pastor have advertised the community church idea through the press and by correspondence in practically every State in the Union. This is Grace Chapel, Inc., at Oakmont, and the pastor is J. H. Feely.

Statistically the movement is strongest in the East, by which is meant New England, New York, and New Jersey. Here the work is strongly helped by the active co-operation of the secretaries of the State Federations of Connecticut and Massachusetts, as well as by the denominational comity practiced in Vermont and alluded to above. The total number of churches listed in this region is 250, 111 of which are independent, 119 federated, 16 denominational, and 4 unclassified. This does not include a multitude of denominational churches which are the only religious organizations in their communities and some of which are doubtless entitled to be classed as community churches, by reason of their broad membership basis and the community-wide reach of their service. There are 143 such churches in Massachusetts alone, but only 7 of these are included in the statistics, because of insufficient data as yet to classify others with certainty.

The first community church conference in the East was held in The Community Church of New York, of which John Haynes Holmes is pastor, in April, 1921. Though small in the number of churches represented, it attracted large audiences of New Yorkers. A second conference met at Buffalo, April 30-May 2, 1922. The movement shows greatest present vigor in the East in New Jersey and New York.

The mere detailing of statistics, however, cannot begin to measure the real spread of the movement. This is indicated in the country-wide interest manifested in the community church idea, and particularly in the spontaneity with which new churches arise in remote sections. Three years ago the very term "community church" was unknown in hundreds of towns. Today there is hardly a village large enough to harbor a general store equipped with a tobacco-box cuspidor and a cracker-box scorners' bench, which does not also harbor persons who advocate the community church. There are community churches in the Tennessee mountains and in the Ozarks. Recently, while on a scouting trip to find a secluded spot in which to spend a summer's vacation, the writer jogged out eleven miles from the railroad over a trail which was but the bed of a hill creek for a part of the way, boated across the unbridged river, and nighted in a log cabin, with an old couple bred in the hills—"Hill Billies" they are sometimes respectfully called. But they believe in the community church! The same thing is true of the exclusive suburbs of our cities. Community churches are spreading in the newer suburbs and in some of the older ones. Recently the citizens of a new suburb of Columbus, Ohio, realizing the danger of the usual denominational scramble for new territory, decided that they should have but one church and took a vote as to what kind of a church it should be. They voted almost unanimously to make it a community church.

The community church movement has reached every part of the country. It has a propaganda. *The Community Churchman,* now more than a year old, circulates in every part of the United States and in several foreign countries. Its editor is soon to edit also a Community Church Department in one of the largest religious weeklies published in America. Its bookshelf is growing, beginning with Henry E. Jackson's pioneer volume, "A Community Church," down to "New Churches for Old," by John Haynes Holmes, including extended mention in other volumes not wholly devoted to the theme of the community church.

This growth is certain to continue. For, as William T. Manning has said in the opening sentence of "The Call to Unity": "The whole world is moved today by the thought of fellowship." Christian Union is devoutly desired everywhere and the community church movement is Christian union by local option. It is the expression by the people themselves, moreover, of a demand for a church dealing in life rather than dogma, loyal to its neighborhood, expressing the highest religious faith and purpose of its own people rather than proclaiming truth in the terms and language of the men and women of yesterday. The community church meets the need for this vital religion, it belongs to the people themselves. Economic conditions moreover, are now and for years to come will continue to be right for the thinning out of the surplus churches and for the program of making one church live where before a bakers' dozen were dying.

The growth of the community church movement will continue. The only question is as to its rapidity. And the chief needs are publicity and leadership. Both these needs are being met today much better than they were a year ago. We have spoken of the growing book literature. There is also a growing magazine and newspaper literature. The leaders, too, are coming. Men of influence, men of great ability, including ministers who have served on the chautauqua platform, including a former Bishop of one of the larger denominations, and pastors of denominational churches of more than 1,000 members have entered the movement or expressed themselves as ready to enter it at the first opportunity. The Service Bureau of The Midwest Association for the Advancement of the Community Church, which operates in connection with *The Community Churchman,* now has a waiting list of men of big caliber ready to accept community church pastorates.

When we consider all these facts, we may say with modesty that the community church movement appears to be at the beginning of a period of steady normal parmanent growth which will make it one of the most important religious movements of the present day in America.

The Community Churchman.

THE ORGAN DONKEY.

Unheeded on the city street,
With long ears folded closely in,
Gray stone before, behind the din
Of music, resonant, unsweet,
Where sunlight strikes the sleepy roofs
And carts go past with morning fare,
All sadly strange and unaware,
He stands on patient, dusty hoofs.
His glazed eyes stare into the sun,
Through shaggy brows they mutely stare
Across the noisy street to where
The little unschooled children run,
As if he dreamed of goodlier fields
And pastures green where springs are sweet.
His glazed eyes stare into the street,
And blink behind their leathern shields,
While carts go past with plenteous freight,
And still on crude, unlovely key
The handle spells the "Rosary,"
With long mellifluous taunts at fate.
Unheeded in his harness bands,
With gray ears closely folded in,
Unloved, supremely wise and thin,
Misunderstood, the donkey stands.

—*Mary Morison Webster.*

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